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AND ILLUSTRATIVE SHORT STORIES

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ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT EVENTS.

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SMOOTHING THE ROUGH SEAS OF LIFE.

An Italian inventor living in Paris has devised a new plan for rendering a rough sea smooth in the vicinity of ships, lighthouses, and harbor entrances. He employs a netting stretched on the surface of the water and kept afloat by buoys. It is also held in place by anchors. The netting is made waterproof in order to preserve it. Experiments indicate that this device will be more effectual than oil in rendering a rough sea smooth, and that a ship can be protected by this netting if outriggers are used to hold it in place. Solomon tells about one kind of sea that can be kept from running high by giving a soft answer. He declares that that will turn away wrath and many of us have seen the tossing whitecaps of vexation and hate quiet down into a peaceful mirrorlike surface under a gentle word. (401)

BURNING UP MANHOOD.

A Spanish steamer came into Norfolk, Virginia, recently on her way from Rio to Philadelphia in a pitiful condition. She steamed into port a mere iron hull, everything combustible on board having been fed to the furnaces to help her reach a coaling port. The vessel sailed from Rio with a big cargo of manganese ore with barely coal supply enough to take her to Philadelphia, where she was to refill her bunkers, but a bad storm off Cape Hatteras delayed her and used up this scanty supply, and the captain began to feed her woodwork into the furnaces. She battled through the gale and headed for the nearest port, but masts, spars, rails, decks, and furniture, all had to be sacrificed to bring her in. She could not even make the coal piers at Norfolk with her last remaining steam, for there was literally nothing left in her to burn and she was compelled to anchor down the harbor until a lighter of coal was sent to fill her bunkers. Some people are going on the voyage of life toward the harbor of old age like that. They are burning up their manhood for fuel to keep up steam and make speed. It was wise in these men to burn up their spars and decks rather than lose ship and life, but it never pays a man to burn up character and manhood in order to keep his body alive or to make a good display. The fuel is more important in that case than the ship. (402)

CROMWELL'S STAMP.

A remarkable discovery of coins was made recently under the thatch of the roof of a very old farm house near Hoghton Tower in England. It is supposed that these coins were hidden away in this place by Cromwell's soldiers for safety. They were in a curious leather bag and are dated near the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. These old coins are interesting as curiosities but it would be a decided tonic to some public men to-day if they could get some of the Cromwell metal into their blood in dealing with public affairs.

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THE STONE OF GRATITUDE.

The topaz is called the stone of gratitude, and the old Roman books record an interesting legend from which the stone derived its attribute: The blind emperor Theodosius used to hang a brazen gong before his palace gates and sit beside them on certain days, hearing and putting to right the grievances of any of his subjects. Those who wished for his advice and help had but to sound the gong, and immediately admission into the presence of the emperor was obtained. One day a great snake crept up to the gate and struck the brazen gong with her coils, and Theodosius gave orders that no one should molest the creature, and bade her tell him her wish. The snake bent her crest lowly in homage and straightway told the following tale: Her nest was at the base of the gateway tower, and while she had gone to find food for her young brood a strange beast covered with sharp needles had invaded her home, killing the nestlings and now held possession of the little dwelling. Would the great Cæsar do her justice? The Emperor gave orders for the porcupine to be slain and the mother to be restored to her desolate nest. Night fell, and the sleeping world had forgotten the Emperor's kindly deed, but with the early dawn the snake glided into the palace, up the steps into the royal chamber and laid upon each of the Emperor's closed eyelids a gleaming topaz. When Emperor Theodosius awoke he found that he was no longer blind, for the mother snake had paid her debt of gratitude. The fruits of gratitude are always very beautiful and precious. We ought never to hold back a grateful word or a gracious deed in return for kindness shown us. It blesses both him who gives and him who receives.

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HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

Though hate, anger and greed through war and violence still work their savage way in the world, when we can get a glimpse at the individual human nature we see that its deep pathos is alike the world over. An English journalist who was captured by the Boers relates this touching story:

"One sight I saw which will stay with me while memory lasts. They had placed me under a wagon, beneath a mass of overhanging rocks for safety, and there they brought two wounded men. One was a man of fifty, a hard old veteran, with a complexion as dark as a New-Zealand Maori. The beard that framed his rugged face was three-fourths gray; his hands were as rough and knotted by open air toil as the hoofs of a working steer. He looked what he was—a Boer of mixed Dutch and French lineage. Later on I got into conversation with him, and he told me a good deal of his life. His father was descended from one of the old Dutch families who had emigrated to South Africa in search of religious liberty in the old days when the country was a wilderness. His mother had come in an unbroken line from one of the noble families of France who fled from home in the days of the terrible persecution of the Huguenots. He himself had been many things—hunter, trader, farmer and fighting man. He had fought against the natives, and he had fought against our people. The younger man was his son, a tall, fair fellow, scarcely more than a stripling, and I had no need to be a prophet to tell that his very hours were numbered. Both men had been wounded by one of our shells and it was pitiful to watch them as they lay side by side, the elder holding the hand of the younger in a loving clasp, while with his other hand he stroked the boyish face with gestures that were infinitely pathetic. Just as the stars were coming out that night between the clouds that floated over us the Boer boy sobbed his young life out, and all through the long watches of that mournful darkness the father lay with his dear laddie's hand in his.

The pain of his own wounds must have been dreadful, but I heard no moan of anguish from his lips. When at the dawning they came to take the dead boy from the living man the stern old warrior simply pressed his grizzled lips to the cold face, and then turned his gray beard to the hard earth and made no further sign." (495)

TRUE HEROISM.

At Sands, Indiana, the young lady telegraph operator was sitting in her office in her little tower forty feet above the level of the track, and as the track is on an embankment twenty feet high she was sixty feet above the main level of the ground. She had just given the signal to the extra freight to come on, that all was clear. The train pulled out of the siding and as it was passing her little tower a car jumped the track. This threw four other cars off, and all of them came with great force against the tower, overturning it and sending the young operator to the ground in a mass of wreckage which was soon burned up. She extricated herself, and, although she was hurt so badly she could not walk alone she managed to crawl on her hands and knees up the steep embankment where she found a man and ordered him to flag a fast passenger train which was due in a few minutes. Having saved the train she fainted away from pain and exhaustion. She said she did not think about the hurt, but her one prayer was to keep from fainting until she could save the train. That is the kind of devotion to duty that marks the truly heroic spirit. Give us that spirit in the church and we shall continue to win greater and greater victories for Christ. (496)

NIGHT BELLS.

Of nightbells of one sort and another there are a great many kinds in a large city. There is, for instance, the drug store nightbell, which is old and familiar. And the doctor's nightbell, and that saddest of all, the nightbell of the undertaker. In cities on the coast there is another kind of nightbell which marks the office of the wrecking company. It is usually in a waterside street, with a painted sign on the wall beside it in the usual familiar words, "Nightbell," a place where one can go to get help for vessels in distress by night as well as by day. Prayer is that kind of a bell. The Christian can ring it night or day and know full well that heaven will not be so busy but what it will be heard and heeded. (497)

THE TRACES OF THE BEASTS.

A traveller writes that on every side in the Malay wilds the traces of the beasts—which here live as secluded, as safe from molestation, as did their ancestors in pre-adamite days, are visible on tree trunk, on beaten game path, and on the yielding clay at the drinking places by the hurrying stream. Here a belt of mud nine feet from the ground shows that an elephant has rubbed its itching back against the rough bark of a tree; and see! Coarse hairs are still sticking in the hardened clay. There a long, sharp scratch repeated at regular intervals, marks the passing of a rhinoceros. Here again is the pad mark of a tiger, and the pitted track of deer of all sizes and varieties surround the deeply punched holes which mark the footsteps of an elephant. But alas, we too, can see the mark of the beasts as we pass along the way of life in civilized lands. Every liquor saloon, every gambling hell, every brothel, as well as every bloated and staggering victim of them show the traces of the beasts. Every Christian is consecrated to the mission of helping to bring about the reign of Jesus Christ until the beasts everywhere shall be overthrown in human life. (498)

SEEING THINGS TOPSY-TURVY.

There is a little girl in California who sees everything bottom side up and backward. To her the whole world is topsy-turvy. The doctors are greatly puzzled over the case. This is a very rare physical imperfection, but it is very common mentally and morally. Every day we see people to whom sin has turned things wrong side up and backward to their gaze. If men sin against their own light and knowledge there comes to be a time when their perception is confused and they call evil good and good evil. (499)

THE IDEAL CITY.

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the famous author of "In His Steps," has recently written for the New York World a striking poem on "The Ideal City." Mr. Sheldon's lines are full of virility, and the best of all is that every sincere Christian may feel sure that the day is coming when such cities shall exist in God's world:

What makes a city great and strong?
 Not architecture's graceful strength,
 Not factories' extended length,
 But men who see the civic wrong,
 And give their lives to make it right,
 And turn its darkness into light.

What makes a city full of power?
 Not wealth's display nor titled fame,
 Not fashion's loudly boasted claim,
 But women, rich in virtue's dower,
 Whose homes, though humble, still are great
 Because of service to the State.

What makes a city men can love?
 Not things that charm the outward sense,
 Not gross display of opulence,
 But right, that wrong can not remove,
 And truth, that faces civic fraud,
 And smites it in the name of God.

This is a city that shall stand,
 A light upon a nation's hill.
 A voice that evil cannot still,
 A source of blessing to the land;
 Its strength not brick, nor stone, nor wood,
 But Justice, Love and Brotherhood.

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THE DEVIL'S ECLIPSE TRAINS.

There is a novelty in railroad excursions in the experiments of the Southern Railway in regard to the total eclipse of the sun May 28th. Great excursions are to be run so timed that they will enter the great shadow of the moon as it trails across the states of the South from New Orleans to Norfolk. Observation cars, smoked glass, and luncheon will be provided. As the time table of the eclipse is just as certain as the rising of the sun, the railroad men can make no mistake and know just when and where to meet the deepest shadow. This is probably the first eclipse train ever run on the earth by men, but the devil has been at it a long time. He runs them over many a different route; avarice, drunkenness, lust, hate, all these are popular excursions by which the devil takes a man out of the light of innocence and righteousness, eclipses the sun for him, and hurries him the deeper into the darkness of despair. Men pay fearful prices on these trains. They have but one terminus and that is despair.

(411)

THE GOLDEN ROSE.

It is the custom of the Pope of Rome to present annually to some Queen who has proved herself a worthy daughter of that church a golden rose. This rose costs His Holiness forty thousand lire, or about eight thousand dollars of our money. The stem of the rose is of massive gold, and about four feet in length. The leaves are large and on them are engraved the name of the Pope and the various virtues of the Queen who is to receive it. The leaves are further adorned with many gleaming precious stones, which represent the heavenly dew. But there is a rose more splendid than that, the Rose of Sharon, and that Rose God will cause to bloom in the garden of our hearts without money and without price. Strange that any should refuse such a blessing.

(412)

THE SIGN OF SUBMISSION.

John Caggin in his book, "Among the Man-Eaters," tells how one day a little native girl ran to him, and before he was aware of it, picked up his foot and placed it on her neck. He knew well what that meant. Even in time of war if a chief allows his foot to rest on the de-

feated one's neck the man's life is safe, but he is a slave forever, rescue or no rescue. Mr. Caggin was puzzled at the child's action. It was soon explained. Shortly afterward a lot of people from a near-by village came in pursuit of the child to take her away to serve at a cannibal feast. But he told them what she had done and defended her from them and saved her life. If we surrender ourselves at the feet of Jesus Christ we become as Paul said he was, the slave of Jesus. But so long as we keep that faith to him he will save us from all the man-eaters in the universe. To be the slave of Christ is the safest, happiest liberty this world has ever seen. (413)

JOY MURDERERS.

In the first year of this century what is known as the Murderer's Bible made its appearance. The error indicated by the title, the word "Murderer's" being used for "murmurer's." After all it wasn't such a great mistake, for there is no such kill-joy, no such murdering of happiness in home or business life as that of the murmurer or the fretful person. (414)

THE DEVIL IN THE DRINK.

One of the conductors on the great Brooklyn bridge came home the other day to his sick wife drunk. Maddened by his intoxication he stepped to the bedside and sneered: "Ain't you dead yet? If you ain't dead before morning I'll kill you." With this threat he dragged his wife out of bed and beat and kicked her about the body. As the woman slowly crawled back into bed the man picked up his little girl, four years old, a frail little thing, and threw her with fiendish force at his wife. The screams of the woman and child attracted the neighbors in time to save their lives. And yet he bought his liquor in a saloon licensed by the state and protected by the government. How long, oh Lord, how long will the state barter the privilege of making wife beaters of its citizens for pelf? (415)

SHAM NOBILITY.

They tell a characteristic story of Lord Methuen. A young sprig of nobility had but recently joined his division of the army in Africa. A younger son of a noble family he thought he could do about as he pleased and soon got into trouble. He had not been with the army long before he was sent up to Lord Methuen for some gross breach of discipline. Not knowing before whom he had been taken, the youngster resented the action, and said to Lord Methuen: "Do you know who I am? I am Lord — —." There was silence for quite a minute and then came the answer: "Let me introduce myself. Paul Sanford Methuen sentences you to twenty-one days' confinement to barracks for breach of discipline." The younger son of the noble family wore a crestfallen look for once in his life as he went sadly away. A noble name is all the deeper badge of disgrace if a man does not live worthy of it. (416)

THE BEST FOOD FOR A HARD CAMPAIGN.

The military papers report that experiments are being made in Germany with a view to testing the merits of a new description of food for use in campaigning. The food consists of a biscuit which it is claimed is a perfect substitute for bread and of meat and vegetables preserved by a special process. A regiment of soldiers are to be fed with this food for a week, neither the officers or men being allowed any other solid nourishment of any kind whatever, and the most stringent precautions have been taken to prevent their obtaining any other fare. Moreover, throughout the trial period the battalion is to engage in manoeuvres, comprising forced marches, camping out and every species of fatigue. The best food ever yet given to mankind to support strength in a hard spiritual campaign, is the Bread of Life that cometh down from heaven. Christ said, "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh, which I will give for the life of the world." (417)

A KING WHO NEVER BLUNDERS.

An English captain was one day piloting a vessel through a difficult channel in the Weser when he met a German war ship entering the river before the wind. A great gale was blowing and just as he had managed his vessel so as to pass in safety the captain noticed that the German vessel was flying the Imperial standard. His anxious navigation and the fact

that the flag had been clinging round the mast had prevented him from observing it before; this made him late in returning the salute. The ship master lost his place in consequence. But the story has a better ending. The captain addressed a letter to the Emperor in which he gave a plain account of the facts and expressed his sorrow at the mistake. The Emperor William, who is himself a sailor, paid sympathetic heed to the explanation and wrote to the English firm begging them for his sake to give the captain back his place as he was now satisfied that no intentional discourtesy had been offered. How comforting it is to know that the King of Kings never misunderstands us. It is never so foggy nor is the gale of life so strong that it can perplex or confuse his eye for a moment. He knows the deep purposes of our hearts and never blunders in his judgment. (418)

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

In the midst of the dark trials of life we may comfort ourselves with the faith that at the heart of things God means kindness to us, and that if we are sincerely seeking to do his will, the weeping may endure for a night, but joy shall come with the morning. There are no experiences so hard but they shall pass away and better times shall come if we are in the line of duty. Margaret Sangster sings this message in some very sweet lines:

"No day so drear but evensong
 Shall wake the stars,
 No cell so locked but time ere long
 Shall break the bars.
 No loss so large but leaveth soil
 Its waste to mend,
 No task so great but plodding toil
 Shall see its end."

(419)

WHAT MAKES A HOME.

It is not granite walls or gaudy furniture, or splendid books, or soft carpets, or delicious viands, that can make a home. All these may be present and yet it be only a dungeon, if the great simplicities are not there. On the other hand it takes very little of the physical comforts of life to make a home if the deep heart throbs of love and fellowship are present. James Whitcomb Riley sings very true indeed in these simple lines:

"Let but a little hut be mine,
 Where at the hearthstone I may hear
 The cricket sing;
 And have the shine
 Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
 For my poor sake,
 Our simple home a place divine."

(420)

HANGING JUDAS.

Throughout the new dominions which the Spanish-American war brought into the possession of the United States Judas was scourged and burned in effigy last Good Friday. The same ceremony was performed on several Spanish and Portugese vessels lying in our ports on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The tars hoist in the forerigging a wooden block roughly carved to imitate the betrayer, and clothed in an ordinary sailor's suit with a worsted cap on its head. At noon they duck this effigy three times into the water by means of a rope around its neck, and then cast it upon the deck to be belabored with blows and kicks until every vestige of clothing has been cut to tatters. The ceremony ends with the burning of Judas amid howls of execration. It is to be feared that many take part in this punishment of Judas who are themselves betraying their Master as treacherously as the man whose memory they hold in derision. God save our lips from that kiss of hypocrisy and dishonor, which betrays the Lord. (421)

PRAYER AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

True spiritual life can never be maintained without much prayer. As the praying spirit evaporates true spirituality disappears. The first indications of a great revival of religion is usually seen in a disposition to pray. R. C. Trench sings with true spiritual insight of this close relation between prayer and spiritual life:

"Lord, what a change within us one short hour
 Spent in thy presence will prevail to make!
 What heavy burden from our bosoms take,
 What parched grounds revive, as with a shower!
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth a sunny outline brave and clear.

We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!
 Why, wherefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,
 Or others, that we are not always strong;
 That we are ever overborne with care;
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer,
 And joy and strength and courage are with thee?"

(422)

THE DAY OF REWARD.

A London newspaper correspondent tells a most interesting story of the varied feelings which animated various classes of people when the British army under Lord Roberts entered the Capital of the Orange Free State. The music of the battered bugles and the rattle of the drums caused everybody in the town to collect in the market square. One Scotch carpenter turned out in all the glory of kilt and sporran. "When are the Highlanders coming in?" he kept asking, amid the tears that he was unable to keep back. Near him stood erect an old soldier, proudly displaying his row of medals, among them those for the Crimea and the Mutiny. An ex-bluejacket sported his old navy suit, but rather spoiled the effect by wearing a Glengarry cap. For these men, and others of their kind, the entry of the troops was a sight worth living for. But for the men who had British blood in their veins, and yet had carried their Mausers in the Federal ranks, it was a day of bitterness and remorse. They did not dare cheer the soldiers of the Queen, nor did the sight of the Union Jack flying over the public buildings offer them consolation. They had offended greatly, and suffering was not spared them. Far different was it with the sturdy British who had refused to be commandeered, who had dared to defy the Boer authorities, and who would have gone to prison, and even to death, rather than take up arms against the old country. These moral heroes were entitled to cheer, and cheer they did, until even the stolid Dutchmen were infected by their enthusiasm. If we are faithful to our Christ under all the circumstances of life, we shall near the day of meeting him in the spirit of those old English veterans with their medals on their breasts. It's a terrible thing to come to the end with the memory of treachery in our hearts, but glorious to come bearing our scars won in faithful service for the Lord.

(423)

HUMILITY AND HEART.

As we climb the ladder of true greatness we become more humble. The higher we rise in the scale of being, the more perfectly we apprehend the grandeur and beauty of Christ, who is our ideal, and the more clearly we see our own weakness and need. Robert Leighton sings this with keen understanding in his little poem entitled "Duty":

"I reach a duty, yet I do it not,
 And therefore see no higher; but if done,
 My view is brighten'd, and another spot
 Seen on my moral sun.

For, be the duty high as angel's flight,
 Fulfill it, and a higher will arise,
 E'en from its ashes. Duty is infinite—,
 Receding as the skies.

And thus it is the purest most deplore
 Their want of purity. As fold by fold,
 In duties done, falls from their eyes, the more
 Of duty they behold.

Were it not wisdom, then, to close our eyes
 On duties crowding only to appal?

No; duty is our ladder to the skies,
 And, climbing not, we fall."

(424)

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

A woman and a boy were walking on a railway track on Long Island, New York, and were entirely safe from harm. The boy was trotting by her side. A train came up on the other track and when it drew near the child suddenly became frightened and started to run. He made directly across the westbound track in front of the rushing locomotive. There was little time for the mother to make up her mind what to do. She was seen by the engineer and fireman to dash after the boy. By that time the express was upon the mother and child despite all efforts to check its speed. The woman was crushed to death but she pushed the boy to safety. It was a heroic sacrifice of life, and when the train stopped and backed up to where she lay dead beside the track, the trainmen shed tears and took off their caps out of respect for her heroism. That was just like a mother. Ah, how much it means when God says that his feeling toward us is like a mother's!

(425)

UNWASTED DAYS.

No day in which a man does his duty, his plain, simple, unvarnished duty is ever wasted. Whatever may be the appearance to him or to others that look on. James Russell Lowell emphasizes this truth in some clear strong lines:

"The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or fitful gifts at best, of now and then—
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen—
The more we feel the high, stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's ungarlanded expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days."

(426)

PERSUASION BETTER THAN FORCE.

Herr Seeth, the famous lion tamer, says that though he always carries a whip in one hand when dealing with his lions, that he uses it in a persuasive manner. He is strong in the assertion that persuasion enters far more into the business of lion taming than force. That is as true of men and women and children as it is of lions. Force is always to be regarded as the last extremity in dealing with anybody. No man is really conquered unless conquered through his reason and heart. How gently, how forbearingly, how compassionately, God reasons with us, and seeks to win our hearts!

(427)

THE BIRDS THAT RETURN.

A recent magazine writer declares that the sole business of a migratory bird's sojourn in the summer land of its choice seems to be the rearing of a family. This accomplished, the thoughts of the birds seem to turn immediately to the South—to the warm, fruitful, gentle latitude, where harsh winds and chilling rains and fading leaves never benumb bright spirits. We are something like that. Earth is our nesting place. In this short human life we are to get our wings of character and strength and fly away to the heaven that awaits us. God has put the instinct in the bird's breast to guide it to a land where there is no harsh winter, and he has put the homing instinct in our souls, something which responds to the love song which comes to us in the Gospel.

(428)

GROWTH OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

If anybody doubts that there has been a rapid advancement in public sentiment against whisky and whisky drinking, let him take note that when the Congregational church at Austinburg, Ohio, was dedicated a hundred years ago next June, it being the first frame church built on the Western Reserve, it was christened with a bottle of whisky, as ships are sometimes. The days when this church was built were avowedly the days of whisky. It was the days when drink was poured out freely by all who attended the "raising" of a building, and when every one partook of it, as we of the present would take a glass of lemonade. The "raising" of the church at Austinburg occupied a whole week, beginning Mon-

day morning and ending Saturday afternoon. On the last day the entire community was upon the scene to witness the dedicatory ceremonies. As none of those erecting the building would climb to the top of the spire, which is over one hundred feet from the ground, the services of a lake sailor were procured. With a rope in his hand he climbed to the topmost point of the edifice and as the last timber was placed he drew a bottle of whisky from the ground by means of a rope, and, breaking it over the spire, shouted: "Three cheers for the new church!" Remember this when you are tempted to say, "the former days were better than these."

(429)

WOMEN AND LEGISLATION.

It is sometimes said by those who oppose women having anything to do with politics and legislation, that civilization has so far advanced in America that women are treated righteously without having political influence or power. Please note these facts which still exist in the United States: In thirty-seven states a married mother has no right to her children. In sixteen states a wife has no right to her earnings outside of the home. In eight states a woman has no right to her own property after marriage. In seven states there is no law compelling a man to support his family.

(430)

THE WATER OF LIFE.

An English correspondent in South Africa says that though he has thirsted in the thirstiest corners of the globe, the thirst of the veldt is a fresh experience. He says: "It will be quite curious to live without a water-bottle slung about one's shoulder. One can scarcely remember the day when water was not regarded with reverence and jealous envy, when it could be made to run clear, continuous and unvalued by a turn of the finger. Here, where one knows by tired limbs the weight of what one drinks, the thought of water flowing through pipes seems a dream of paradise. And such water! Water through which one could see, which left no mud at the bottom of the mug, and did not stain what it was spilled on. The water we drink here is often too thick even to filter. At Ramdam there was a big pond—what was left of moisture in the dam. One bathed in it only under the necessity or compulsion of cleanliness. The water was very shallow, but the mud was black and deep. One sank to the knees if one tried to walk, and so sat gently half in mud and half in brown syrup, and thanked God for water. One rose from it with the green leeches hanging from one's body like bits of seaweed, and with a sprinkling of other less known insects. Horses looked askance at that pool, but the men drank of it greedily, and drank of it, where alone they could reach it, where the horses' hoofs had churned it into a blackish-green liquor thick as soup. Let every one who turns today a watertap in England give a thought to those who are dipping buckets in South Africa, and be grateful for an exceeding privilege." How strong is the illustration which Christ uses when he compares the blessings of the Gospel to the Water of Life, which alone can satisfy perfectly the terrible thirst of the soul. And we who have the blessings of Christ in abundance should not only be grateful but ready to send this Water of Life to the millions who are dying of thirst without it.

(431)

MEN AND APES.

Bishop Stubbs, the new Bishop of Chester in England, was once approached by a professed infidel, who was proud of his witty sayings and who desired to humiliate the Bishop, with the remark, after announcing pompously some rumored scientific discovery, "It comes then, to this, the only distinction that I can see between a man and an ape is that the man can speak and the ape can't." Quick as a flash came the Bishop's answer, "Don't you think, perhaps, that there is also this distinction, that the man knows when to hold his tongue and the ape doesn't?"

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BLESSING A DUKE'S SWORD.

When the Duke of Norfolk was getting ready to go to South Africa he took his sword to the private chapel at the Archbishop's House, where, according to an ancient rite, it was solemnly blessed before the altar by Cardinal Vaughan. Whatever one may think of that ceremony it suggests to us that every soldier of Jesus Christ should consecrate all his powers to the service of the Lord, and Christians ought to feel held in honor to keep their vows as loyally as a true soldier keeps his sword faithful to his king.

(433)

THE SHEPHERD'S TENDERNESS.

Catherine Brock has a very beautiful little poem in a recent issue of the Sunday Magazine entitled "The Stray Lamb," in which she sets forth the patience and gentleness of the Good Shepherd in dealing with the lost sheep he brings back to the fold. Surely we ought to follow his example in that respect. The poet sings:

"Out in the night the lamb that wandered wide
Heard faint and far the Shepherd's loving cry.
In the gray dawn, upon the bleak hillside,
He found it, like to die.

"Did He at all reproach thee, little lamb,
That thou hadst brought Him such a weary way?
Nay, He caressed me, but I know I am
No more to go astray.

"For up the steep ways where my feet would slip,
He bore me, clinging carefully, and yet
Each rock He touched with foot or firm hand-grip
With His warm blood was wet.

"And tho He smiled and said no word of blame,
That blood reproached me all the way we went.
'Twas shed because I wandered, and with shame
I do indeed repent."

(434)

THE INFLUENCE OF THE WORD.

One of the woman missionaries at the Ecumenical Conference in New York related a little incident of her work in India which brings out clearly the wonderful power of the Bible over the hearts and minds of people under circumstances which would seem to be very discouraging. She said:

"I want to tell you of a chief's daughter in my district in India, who was induced to come to the primary school. She remained there for two years. When she came back to her native village she was asked what she had learned, and on expressing a promise to tell her people of what her teachings had consisted the whole village turned out that night to hear her. She knew only the Gospel of St. Mark, and to that vast assemblage of women she read the Word night by night.

"They were so interested that they asked her to read it to them again, and she did so. This went on many times, and when, some time later, a missionary came into the district he found forty persons ready to receive the Gospel and to enter his class."

(435)

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

The Scripture "Despise not the day of small things," finds many striking illustrations of its wisdom in modern life. One of the missionaries at the Ecumenical Conference told a story of Bishop Sargent of England, who, while home on a furlough, saw a curious box that a child had fashioned for herself and in which she had collected and stored up many missionary pennies. He took this box back with him to India as an object lesson to the natives. He told them that if a child could do so much, they, even on an income of but 5 cents a day, could surely do something for themselves. A movement was started which in some years had its result in the building of a handsome church in this village entirely from the donations of the poor natives, and Bishop Sargent often referred with pride to the fact that the foundation of the church had been laid by the little girl in England.

(436)

VICTORY THROUGH STRUGGLE.

Ada Negri in her poem entitled "Fate," brings out the lesson that many of the greatest and strongest conceptions of life are only born in an atmosphere of pain and struggle. One cannot afford to pay too great a price for happiness, for after all the purpose of life is not happiness but helpfulness. The poet's figure is very strong:

"A figure, awful to behold, austere,
 Stood by my bed last night.
 The dagger at her side filled me with fear,
 Her eyes flashed down at me with scornful light.
 'I am Misfortune. Hear,

"Thou shrinking child, where'er thou mayest be
 I'll never leave thee—nay,
 Through thorns and flowers, to death I'll follow thee,
 Even in the void beyond near thee to stay.'
 I sobbed: 'Away, away!'

"She firmly stayed, and from me would not go.
 She spoke: 'Tis thus decreed.
 Pale flower of the cypress, of the snow,
 Of crime and of the tomb, poor human weed,
 Above 'tis thus decreed.'

"I rose and cried: 'But it is hope I crave
 To make my young days bright,
 In thrills of love exultingly to rave,
 I want the kiss of genius and of light!—
 Oh, go, oh, go away!'

"She spoke: 'He who creates in suffering's night
 Alone sees glory's day.
 'Tis pain that teaches thoughts their highest flight—
 I slowly answered: 'Stay!'
 For him who bravely fights is victory.'

(437)

THE NEW CONVERT'S STORY.

No one can tell the story of Jesus Christ and his love quite so beautifully, and with such unique charm as the new convert. Mrs. J. Hudson Taylor brings this out in a beautiful story which also shows that the great work of Christian missions must after all be accomplished through converted natives. Mrs. Taylor says:

"The work of soul saving, gathering of converts from the heathen, is accomplished through the native Christian rather than through the missionary. Twelve years ago, when I first went to China, we were the first missionaries to visit the section we went to. There were twelve million women in the province, but not one Christian. There were a few Christian men, but no women.

The woman whom I had as an escort, this being made necessary by the etiquette of China, impressed me much. Her face was sad, and I gradually learned her story. She had not been allowed to speak to her husband for three years after marriage. She had given birth to eight girls, and had only been permitted to keep two of them. After she had been with me four months, we started out on an evangelistic journey, and at one place in a barn we gathered the audiences and told them of Jesus. It was then that I learned the value of native women.

One evening, as she was sitting beside me and I was exhausted, she drew my head down on her shoulder and told me to keep quiet and rest, while she told the audience the story of Calvary and of the Cross. It seemed to me that the story was never so beautiful, and oh, the glory which shone from her face, and the audience was soon melted to tears, and one and all renounced their heathen gods and adopted the religion of Christ." (438)

THE SWEETEST SONG.

The life is not wasted that has sufficient of hope, and faith, and love behind it that it is ever bubbling up a fountain of good cheer. Few people know how much good they do in the world by just keeping happy and trusting and cheerful, and thus bring the balm of their trust in God and man to hearts haunted by the ghosts of doubt and fear. A. Downing has a little poem entitled "The Sweetest Song," which puts the thought in a beautiful way:

"That song is sweetest, bravest, best,
 Which plucks the thistle-barb of care
 From a despondent brother's breast,
 And plants a sprig of heart's-ease there."

(439)

KINDERGARTNERS AND ANGELS.

Miss Isabella Thoburn, who established the first Christian kindergarten in Asia, in an address before the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions brought out very clearly the great value of skill in trying to help humanity. Miss Thoburn said:

"Women are beginning to be awakened to the fact that they are not in the world to be ministered unto, but to minister. Power is not manifest by the work we undertake, but by our success with our task and the power for the missionary task will be found in education. Love, which we often call the greatest thing in the world, can do less for suffering than skill. Of the kindergarten I feel as did Miss Wiggan, who said: "No one who has the opportunity to become a kindergartner will ever want to be an angel." In our work in India we have found work for every faculty that we possess. We have had to make bricks without straw. As a result of our experience there I am free to say that it is a cruelty to send a worker there without a thorough preparation. We do a poor work if it does not inspire others to go and do likewise."

(440)

GOD'S WILL.

That God's will is the sweetest thing that can happen to any one of us is brought out in a bright comforting way by Maty Wheaton Lyon in her little poem, "God Knoweth Best:"

"The gates of life swing either way,
On noiseless hinges, night and day.
One enters through the open door,
One leaves us to return no more;
And which is happier, which more blest,
God knoweth best.

"We greet with smiles the one who comes
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes,
And reach our longing hands with tears
To him who, in his ripened years,
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest;
God knoweth best.

"He guards the gates. We need not dread
The path these little feet must tread,
Nor fear for him who for our sight
Passed through them to the realms of light—
Both in His loving care we rest;
God knoweth best."

(441)

A CAMPAIGN FOR LIBERTY.

The greatest campaign for liberty ever carried on in this world is that which is sustained and supported by the Missionary Societies. It ought to be an inspiring thing for us in our own land of freedom to feel that through our missionary giving we have a part in setting men and women free on the other side of the globe. Miss Singh, a brilliant Indian woman, who is a graduate of the Woman's College in Lucknow, said at the Ecumenical Conference:

"It was my privilege a few days ago to visit Washington, and while there I walked out to Lincoln Park. The thing that most interested me there was the statue of your great Lincoln, with the Emancipation Proclamation in one hand and the other hand resting on the head of a slave child. As I stood there looking at the representation of the man we all love the thought came to me that we women of the Orient should feel the same gratitude to you people here in America and to the people of England as do the colored people who were given their freedom by Lincoln."

(442)

UNEARNED HAPPINESS.

President David Starr Jordan, in a recent article points out that it is the "pursuit of happiness" and not happiness unearned which our fathers fought for. Many people are trying to get happiness without paying for it. For instance, the indolent lazy man would like to have the pleasure of rest, without the toil and effort that justifies rest, and makes it welcome. Indolent rich people fail of happiness just as surely as indolent poor people, and for

the same reason. They have not earned happiness. Dr. Jordan closes his striking article with these strong sentences:

"In the hotbed of modern society there is a tendency to precocious growth. Precocious virtue is bad enough; but precocious vice is most monstrous. What is worth having must bide its time. The children on our streets grow old before their time. There is no fate more horrible because there is none more hopeless. Were it not for the influx of new life from the farms, our cities would be depopulated. Strive as we may we can not save our children from the corrosion of vulgarity and obscene suggestion. The subtle incitement to vice comes to every home. Its effort is shown in precocious knowledge, the loss of the bloom of youth, the quest for pleasures unearned because sought for out of time. Vulgarity has in some measure its foundation in precocity. It is an expression of arrested development in matters of good taste or good character. We find the corrosion of vulgarity everywhere and its poison enters every home. The streets of our cities are covered with its evidences, our newspapers are redolent with it, our story-books reek with it, our schools are tainted by it, and we can not keep it out of our homes or our churches or our colleges. It is the hope of civilization that our republic may outgrow the toleration of vulgarity, but we have a long struggle before us before this can be done." (443)

GLORY OF YOUTH.

There is a charm about the things that are young; there is a mystery, a hidden force, that glorifies boyhood and brings us all into touch with the "Our Tommy" of Maybelle Clapp's little poem:

"If you meet a little barefooted lad,
Whistling a tune that is merry and glad,
With an old straw hat pushed back on his head,
With his lips all stained with the strawberries red
That grow on the five-acre lot, with eyes
That are blue as the bluest of April skies,
With a mite of a nose that is upward turned,
And cheeks by the sun's fierce kisses burned,—
That's Tommy.

If you want to know where the Mayflowers hide
'Neath the dry, dead leaves in the glad spring-tide,
Where the violets dance 'neath the pine-tree brown,
Or Jack Frost shakes the first chestnuts down,
Where the trout bite best, or the wild grapes grow
In purple clusters hanging low,
Where the coast is longest, the ice most clear,
When the happy holiday time draws near,—
Ask Tommy.

"With hands thrust deep in his pockets small,
He trudges away when the cow-bells call;
Father's 'right-hand man' he is called at home,
Though he'll not be eight till the snowflakes come.
And mother smiles over the work that would be
Both hard and wearisome, were not he
Ready and willing on errands to run
From the peep of the dawn to the set of the sun,—
Dear Tommy.

When the wood-birds are crooning a low good night,
And the hay-cocks have put on their night-caps white,
When the purple shadows unfold the hills,
And down in the meadows the whippoorwills
Lift up their voices, a tired boy
Creeps into the arms that know no joy
Like holding him, and fond lips press
The tangled curls, as they say, 'God bless

Our Tommy!"

(444)

UNGATHERED DIAMONDS.

While it is generally admitted that there are more diamonds in Brazil than in South Africa, and that the South American diamonds are far more beautiful than those found at Kimberley, yet while the diamond mines at Kimberley have been producing eighteen million

dollars worth of gems a year, the industry in Brazil, where diamond mining has gone on for a hundred and fifty years, and which was formerly the most important diamond-producing country in the world, has fallen to so low an ebb that its product is not worth annually more than two hundred thousand dollars. The great reason for this decline is said to be in the fact that diamond mining in South America is carried on in a shiftless, indolent sort of a way. How many ungathered diamonds there are in the wide fields of human life. Many a man, and many a woman, whose mind and heart God made to be a diamond field with rare possibilities has amounted to nothing, because of the shiftless way in which the duties of life have been faced. Men and women count in this world far more merely in proportion to their energy, and their devotion to their duty, than in proportion to their natural talent and ability.

(445)

WHEN JESUS CAME.

John Keble brings out in a very beautiful poem the compassion and tenderness of Jesus in visiting the disciples again that he may convince Thomas of his resurrection. Poor doubting Thomas, who was absent from the first meeting of Christ and his disciples! No other scene between Christ and His disciples brings out in bolder relief the gracious forbearance and love of Jesus Christ. Keble's poem tells us to view it from Thomas's standpoint:

"We were not by when Jesus came;
But round us, far and near,
We see His trophies, and His name
In choral echoes hear.
In a fair ground our lot is cast,
As in the solemn week that past,
While some might doubt, but all adored,
Ere the whole widow'd Church had seen her risen Lord.

"Then gliding through th' unopening door,
Smooth without step or sound,
'Peace to your souls,' He said—no more—
They own Him, kneeling round.
Eye, ear, and hand, and loving heart,
Body and soul in every part,
Successive made His witnesses that hour,
Cease not in all the world to show His serving power.

"Is there, on earth, a spirit frail,
Who fears to take their word,
Scarce daring, through the twilight pale,
To think He sees the Lord?
With eyes too tremblingly awake
To bear with dimness for His sake?
Read and confess the Hand Divine
That drew thy likeness here so true in every line.

"For all thy rankling doubts so sore,
Love thou thy Saviour still,
Him for thy Lord and God adore,
And ever do His will,
Though vexing thoughts may seem to last,
Let not thy soul be quite o'ercast;
Soon will He show thee all His wounds and say,
Long have I known thy name—know thou My face alway.

(446)

CLEANING UP PATRIOTISM.

The war between the British and the Boers has developed a new business in London, and at different places the visitor of the London of today may see hanging the sign, "Flags cleaned here." On the breaking out of the war a great many London householders awoke to the fact that not only had they the symbols of patriotism in their possession, but that this was the time to bring them out again. Many of the flags had not been out for many years; scores of them not since the Crimean war. It is to be feared that these hidden flags are suggestive of a lack of patriotism and public spirit on the part of their owners, and that England is not the only country where the dust is often permitted to gather on the patriotism of the citizen. The truly patriotic man would have had his flag out every Queen's birthday,

and on other appropriate occasions, and thus have kept it fresh. I fear some Christian soldiers air their devotion to Christ very infrequently, and require some unusual emergency to cause them to fly the flag of loyalty to the Savior. Jesus said that we ought to keep our lights trimmed and burning, and live constantly as those who "watch for their Lord." (447)

GOING ABOUT DOING GOOD.

James Learmount writing of the Master's going about doing good, among the sick, and the poor, and the weak, and the possibility of our brightening the world by following his example, gives us some very sweet lines:

"Every gentle deed you do
One bright spirit brings to you—
One more angel watch to keep
By your pillow while you sleep,
Softer makes the wind's weird song
Through the pine trees all night long,
Clearer makes the white stars gleam
While you dream,
While you dream.

Every gentle word you say
One dark spirit drives away,
Makes the clover in the grass
Whisper greeting as you pass,
Swifter makes the cloud-ships fly
In their march across the sky,
Daintier makes each frosted flake
When you wake,
When you wake.

(448)

CHRIST DIED FOR ME.

We never will love Christ as we ought except when we look upon his cross and feel that he hangs there for us. It is that personal element which will bring out the depth of our love. General Secretary Baer, speaking at the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, closed his address by telling a story of a Scotch mother who had scaled the outside of her burning house and rescued her eight months' old girl. She was terribly burned and years afterward the little girl asked her why she always wore gloves. The mother thought for awhile, and then showed her the hand. The child shrank back in terror, but the mother told the story, and the little one kissed the poor disfigured member and came crying to the mother's lap saying: "This for me! This for me!" (449)

A MOUNTAIN MIRROR.

Some missionaries exploring a district which contains many of the waters of the upper Congo approached a mountain which they learned was exceedingly rich in iron ore. They spent several days in the neighborhood, and each evening the mountain was illumined in a wonderful manner under the influence of the rays of the setting sun. One evening, after a day of rain that had washed all the dust from the mountain side, the brilliancy of the reflection was so much greater than usual that one of the explorers decided to seek the exact cause of the phenomenon. So at sunrise next morning he began the difficult task of scaling the steep slope of this mountain of iron. He finally reached the highest peak, nearly seven thousand feet above the sea level, and there he found a great rock whose side, turned toward the western sun, was as polished and bright as a mirror and shone like burnished steel. It seemed to be a block of almost pure metal. This shining surface contained several hundred square feet and fully explained the remarkable refraction of the solar rays. The explanation of the increased brilliancy on that particular day was that the rain washed away all particles that bedimmed the polished surface and left it a fine natural mirror where the falling beams of light were launched again far out over the plain with dazzling effect. We are intended to reflect the light of the Son of Righteousness, but the least particle of insincerity, or selfishness, or worldliness of any kind will serve to hide and drown that light. It is only when we live with perfectly clean heart, and clean lives, that we are able to give a perfect reflection of the glorious light of Christ. (450)

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We believe that a number of pastors receiving May Current Anecdotes were led by Sherwood Eddy's letter to appeal for funds. J. Hornish, Dorrance, Kas., writes us that the reading of the letter resulted in raising \$26.25 in his church—a small German congregation. It meant self-sacrifice, but self-sacrifice is the very tonic that some churches need.

The following is a summary from the report of the Ecumenical Conference by S. D. Gordon, Ohio Evangelization Movement: The conference is properly the successor of three others, namely: First in '60 at Liverpool, second in '78 at Mildmay and a third in '88 at London, but in its representation and scope and reach it is much wider than any of these. There were 2,589 delegates listed at the opening, but it was soon plain that hundreds more were there. Of these over 785 are mission-

aries, coming from as many as 46 countries, 1,725 are delegates proper from all parts of the United States and Canada, 63 are official delegates from Great Britain, and sixteen from continental countries. There are men and women here from every section of the globe, sturdy Britishers, quick-witted Irishmen, canny Scotchmen; men from the land of Tholuck and Krumacher, from the land of John Calvin, from little Denmark and Sweden and Norway. There are men here from the Levant and all parts of the wide Mohammedan world. There are men from beyond the great wall in the north of China down to the Yangste in the center and the sea on the south; and from Japan, that other Britain of the Pacific seas, and from the land of the "morning calm." The successors of Carey and Judson and Duff sitting side by side here with the successors of Moffatt and Livingstone and Hannington and Mackay clear from the cape to Cairo in Africa, poor black and blackened Africa that furnished the man of Cyrene to bear the Saviour's cross, and that has borne every other cross and curse since. From the islands of the great seas, the mines and mountains of Mexico, the halls of the Montezumas, the broad bosom of the Amazon and the silvery La Platte they have been drawn by the power of Jesus' name to plan and pray for a wider and better spreading of the knowledge of that name.

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We have permanent Binders for Current Anecdotes. **Note Adv. in page 282.**

The Fountain Pen advertised in this issue is thoroughly reliable and all that is claimed for it.

OPINIONS OF MISSIONARY ANNALS OF 19th CENTURY.

Missionary Annals of the 19th Century. D. L. Leonard, D. D. Maps and Illustrations. 8vo, 286 pp. \$1.25. F. M. Barton, Cleveland.

The readers of the Review will not need to be told that Dr. Leonard's pen is at home in dealing with missionary topics. We are not sure we should give the same relative value that the author does to certain men or certain measures, or sanction all his opinions and outlooks, but the book shows much painstaking work, and will be a standard book of reference to many appreciative students of missions. We regret that the marginal cuts of missionary heroes are not more satisfactory. But we commend the book to our readers, especially glad of its comprehensiveness, brevity, and scope, and the fact that it is published at a rate that brings it within everybody's reach. The table of dates at the end is a very helpful addendum, and the book as a whole will prove a valuable review of the great century of which it treats.—Missionary Review of the World.

Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century, by D. L. Leonard, D. D., published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O. Price, \$1.50. The book is a condensed history of the mission work of the century, and as complete as could be expected in the compass of 200 pages, after 60 pages have been devoted to missions in early and mediæval times, the beginnings of modern missions, and the missions that were begun during the decade 1790-1799. The information is given by decades, and the closing chapters show what has been accomplished in the different countries from the beginning. The author has devoted himself to the study of missions for twenty years, and his book will be a very valuable work of reference for all students of missions. Its maps, portraits of famous missionaries, and scenes from mission lands add to its usefulness.—The Gospel in all Lands (M. E.) New York.

Of the same general character, although less comprehensive, is Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century (F. M. Barton. \$1.50), by Dr. D. L. Leonard of Oberlin, than whom no one is better fitted to prepare a valuable manual. Dr. Leonard has aimed to write a history, book of reference, and collection of striking incidents for the past one hundred

years. Illustrations are used with profusion. It is written by decades, a rather novel and useful plan. A valuable chronological table at the end shows the dates of principal missionary events from A. D. 53 to 1900. The book, as a whole, will be an important reference book.—Sunday School Times.

D. L. Leonard, D. D., is the author of Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century, a valuable contribution to the cause, which has been published by F. M. Barton of Cleveland, O. Anyone desiring a complete statement of modern missions will find it in this book.—Ram's Horn.

A novel plan marks "Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century," by D. L. Leonard, D. D., well known by his "A Hundred Years of Missions," as well as by his connection with The Missionary Review of the World. Introductory chapters give a rapid survey of missionary efforts in earlier centuries; and then, beginning with 1790, each decade is given a chapter to itself. At the outset in each chapter a sketch is given of the general movements affecting the progress of missions. Then follows a statement of the new missionary enterprises of the period, and the chapter closes with a view of the condition of each of the different mission fields. A general summary and a chronological table complete the volume, which will be found an admirably comprehensive and clear review of a missionary century. (Cleveland, O. F. M. Barton, \$1.50).—Christian Endeavor World.

The student of missions cannot afford to overlook the recently published "Missionary Annals of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. D. L. Leonard, associate editor of the Missionary Review of the World. The author presents by decades the foreign missionary work of the closing century and is at pains to show how political movements, diplomacy, conquest, imperial expansion, exploration and invention have affected the spread and increase of missions. As a comprehensive history of nineteenth-century missions and a summary of the achievements up to date, it is, so far as we know, unsurpassed in missionary literature. F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O., publisher. \$1.50.—Christian Evangelist, St. Louis, Mo.

CUT GEMS FROM ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE ADDRESSES.

What ought to be done can be done and in the near future shall be done.—Alex. Sutherland, D. D., Canada.

For every fifty-eight communicants at home we have a missionary abroad.—Paul de Schweinitz, Moravian.

Difficulties are the condiments of life.—Bishop Ridley, British Columbia.

"Have thy tools ready; God will find thee work."

Trade always follows the missionary.—Pres. Capen, A. B. C. F. M.

Alluding to much giving the following lines were quoted:

"Little drops of water
Little copper cents,
Make the mighty ocean
And benevolence."

"There have been 415,000,000 copies of the Bible printed in over 400 languages spoken by three-fourths of the globe."

As the president of a university I will say and I believe the college presidents of the country will back me up in what I say, that if the laymen will furnish the means the col-

leges will double the number of men in the foreign field within five years.—Pres. Angell, University of Michigan.

A chip shows the current of a stream as well as a big log.—Capen.

True charity like the circle begins everywhere; and like the circle ends nowhere.—Dr. Greer, N. Y.

A pastor should have a clear vision of the world; a deep feeling toward the world, and should make an actual effort for the world.—Chas. Cuthbert Hall.

If two or three of you agree on earth to send a substitute Jesus Christ will be with them.—Maltbie Babcock, New York City.

Ex-President Harrison at a reception in the Savoy Hotel, alluding to Miss Lilavati Singh of India, who had been speaking, said, "I have never owned a million dollars, but if I had and had invested it all in missions and Miss Singh were the only result, I would not want it back."

The nearest way from New York to the heart of a Chinaman or the heart of a Hindu is by way of the throne of God.—Eugene Stock, London.

There has been too much attention to methods and machinery and too little to power.

It is not lost time waiting upon God.

The power of the living God is available power.—J. Hudson Taylor.

It grows as it goes.—A. H. Strong.

All history is mystery until it is read as His story.—A. T. Pierson.

The printing and circulating of the Bible in four hundred tongues reverses the miracle of Babel and repeats the miracle of Pentecost.—Pierson.

A missionary should have four passions: for the truth; for Christ; for souls; and for self-sacrifice.—A. T. Pierson.

The ideal church is self-supporting, self-governing, and self-propagating.—A. T. Pierson.

"Discipline" if spelled with a final "g"—disciplining—becomes luminous.—Maltbie Babcock, New York City.

Access to the original is the only safe foundation for sound Bible work.—Canon Edmonds.

Every church should have two pastors; one at home and a second for the myriads abroad.—Jacob Chamberlain.

The translators have made the best Book the first Book in many languages, creating alphabets in order to give the people the Word of God.—Canon Edmonds.

When I went to these islands 43 years ago they were cannibals and constantly warring among themselves. Today there are 18,000 converts, 3,000 church members who are intelligent in the Scriptures and 300 teachers and preachers. Every church member becomes a missionary. If Christians in America were as much in earnest as this people what multitudes would be brought to Christ. In every family daily worship is observed and every one old and young faithfully attends the house of God. One of the greatest obstacles in these islands

is the American traders who come to them with rum and fire arms.—J. G. Paton, New Hebrides. (1050)

"The noble, self-effacing, willing ministers of peace and good will should be classed with the world's heroes. Wielding the sword of the Spirit, they have conquered ignorance and prejudice. They have been the pioneers of civilization. They have illumined the darkness of idolatry and superstition with the light of intelligence and truth. They have been messengers of righteousness and love. They have braved disease and danger and death, and in their exile have suffered unspeakable hardships, but their noble spirits have never wavered. They count their labor no sacrifice. 'Away with the word in such a view and with such a thought,' said David Livingstone. 'It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say, rather, it is a privilege.'"—President McKinley's address of welcome. (1051)

This age will be known in history as the age of Bible translation. At the beginning of the century there were 56 versions of the Scriptures; by 1860 the number had risen to 220; by 1890 it had leaped up to 331, and we pass the threshold of the new century with over 400 versions of the Bible or some portions thereof.—John Fox. (1052)

We pray for the day when Rome shall yield her contention that the common people cannot be trusted with the oracles of God. But as a matter of fact it is as George Borrow has said: "The Bible Society is one of the few Protestant institutions which Rome fears, and for which, therefore, she has any respect, and it has the melancholy honor of having been denounced from the papal chair as a pestilent and pernicious institution. There is nothing that exhibits more vividly the true relation of Bible translation and circulation to foreign missionary conquests than the situation today in the Philippine Islands. For 300 years the Roman Catholic church has had unrestricted liberty to do as she listed among the 10,000,000 of those Malayan tribesmen, but she has never translated a single book of the Bible into any of these languages. Our scholars are only beginning the mastery of them.—John Fox. (1053)

It has fallen to my happy lot to stand here, and in the name of the 2,400 missionaries in India; nay, in the name of the 15,464 missionaries of all churches in all non-Christian lands: in the name of the 73,000 native assistants working each for his own people in those lands; in the name of the 1,317,600 communicants and the 4,414,000 enrolled Christian adherents already gathered there from among the heathen; aye, in the name of the Christian and non-Christian readers of the Bible as translated by those missionaries within this century into 421 different languages; in the name of these to tender to you our sincerest thanks for your welcome to this world conference for the extension of the kingdom.—Response to the address of welcome, Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M. D. (1054)

"The great nations have combined to suppress the slave trade," said the speaker. "Is it too much to ask that they shall combine to prevent the sale of spirits to men who, less than our children, have acquired the habits of self-restraint?"—Harrison. (1055)

"The enemies of foreign missions have spoken tauntingly of the slowness of the work and of its great and disproportionate cost, and we have too exclusively consoled ourselves and answered the criticism by the suggestion that with God a thousand years is as one day. We should not lose sight of the other side of that truth—one day with Him is as a thousand years. God has not set a uniform pace for Himself in the work of bringing in the kingdom of His Son. He will hasten it in His day. The stride of His church shall be so quickened that commerce will be the laggard. Love shall outrun greed. He exacts faith. He will not answer the demand to show a course of stone in His great cathedral for every thousand dollars given. But it may be justly asked that the administrators of our mission treasures justify their accounts; that they use a business wisdom and economy; that there is no waste; that the workmen do not hinder each other."—Ex-Pres. Harrison. (1056)

"During the Atlanta campaign of our civil war, the marching and fighting had been largely in the brush. But one day the advancing army broke suddenly from the brush into a savannah—a long, narrow, natural meadow, and the army was revealed. From the center, far to the right and left, the distinctive corps, division, brigade and regimental colors appeared, and associated with each of these was the one flag that made the army one. A mighty spontaneous cheer burst from the whole line, and every soldier tightened his grip upon his rifle, and quickened his step. What the savannah did for that army, this world's conference of missions should do for the church."—Ex-Pres. Harrison. (1057)

The Moravians providentially molded John Wesley, and the Holy club of Lincoln college, Oxford, touched by this influence, took on a distinctively missionary character. Their motto had been "Holiness to the Lord;" but holiness became wedded to service, and evangelism became the watchword of the Methodists. Just then, in America, and by a strange coincidence, Jonathan Edwards was unconsciously joining Wesley in preparing the way for modern missions. In 1747, exactly 300 years after the United Brethren organized as followers of Huss at Lititz in Bohemia, Edwards sent forth his bugle blast from Northampton, New England, calling God's people to a visible union of prayer for a speedy and world-wide effusion of the Spirit. That bugle blast found echo in Northampton, in old Eng-

land, and William Carey resolved to undertake to organize mission effort—with what result we all know.—Pierson. (1058)

These are but parts of His ways. The pages of the century's history are here and there written in blood, but even the blood has a golden lustre. Martyrs there have been, like John Williams and Coleridge Patteson, and James Hannington, Allen Gardiner, and Abraham Lincoln, and David Livingstone, the Gordons of Erromanga and the Gordon of Khartoum, the convert of Lebanon, and the court pages at Uganda; but every one of these deaths has been like that of the seed which falls into the ground to die that it may bring forth fruit. The churches of Polynesia and Melanesia, of Syria and Africa, of India and China, stand rooted in these martyr graves as the oak stands in the grave of the acorn, or the wheat harvest in the furrows of the sown seed. It is part of God's plan that thus the consecrated heralds of the cross shall fill up that which is behind of the sufferings of Christ in their flesh, for His body's sake which is the church.—Pierson. (1059)

No topic aroused greater interest or enthusiasm nor revealed deeper fires of conviction than that of co-operation among the various church organizations, both in Great Britain, Germany and America, in their activities on foreign mission soil. Two sessions were devoted to the topic with six set speeches and much spontaneous discussion. That a spirit of comity prevailed much more than in past years, became very plain, that it should prevail always, everywhere, in strongest degree, was deemed both practicable and essential by the most conservative. But it became increasingly evident that a very large contingent believed that something much more than a mere friendly spirit was not only desirable, but entirely practicable, and therefore imperative. Very strong expression was freely given to the conviction that a practical federation of all interests involved upon the field was feasible, and must come not only in the interest of economy, but to accomplish the results that the field is dead ripe for. This discussion revealed what may prove to be one of the most impressive and pregnant outcomes of the remarkable convocation.—S. D. Gordon. (1060)

The venerable Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., stirred the vast audience to the depths on Monday night with his eloquence as earnest and fiery as in younger days. He said, "Years ago Abraham Lincoln with one stroke of his pen struck the shackles from millions of ankles and wrists. Some of us have been wishing that that pen could be found and used once more to prevent the chains of rum from making slaves in the Philippines." And the heavy roar of vociferous applause left no doubt of the feelings of the crowds in the matter. (1061)

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GLEANED FROM LIFE.

Seeing Ourselves.

"I had a strange experience at Cincinnati the other day," said a traveling man, chatting with some friends in his hotel lobby. "I had some time to kill and had dropped in at an afternoon vaudeville performance, where, as usual, they had a vitascope. One of the views was a remarkably good street scene in New York, taken on Broadway, near the corner of Thirtieth street. A tremendous crowd was surging down the pavement, and as the figures reached the foreground of the picture they became very large, at least life size.

"As I stared at the throng my eyes were suddenly riveted on a man and woman walking together and somewhat detached from the others. I cannot describe my shock of amazement when I recognized the man as myself and the woman as my wife.

"My heart was beating like a drum, and as I glared at the apparition I had risen unconsciously from my seat. It seemed strange beyond expression and I don't know how long I might have stood there transfixed if some one had not called me to earth by requesting me to sit down. The picture was taken last summer when my wife and I were visiting in the North, and gradually I recalled the exact incident."—If we could only see a picture of our inner life as it moves along. (1062)

Get Up Again.

Shall I give you a parable? Once upon a time there was a man walking in the highway and he fell. No doubt it was partly his own carelessness. He, however, insisted that it was an accident. But the trouble was, that when he was down he stayed there, and spent all his time in telling everybody who would listen how it happened. Some shook their heads doubtfully, and that made him angry. Some sympathized with him, and that made him sad. At last there came a simple man, who asked: "How long have you been here?" It was ten, twelve, fifteen years or more. The simple man shook his head. "I am sorry, very sorry."

"Yes," said he who was down, "it is a terrible thing to tumble down."

"That may be so," said the simple man; "but there's one thing a thousand times worse."

"What is that?"

"Why, not getting up again."—Mark Guy Pearse. (1063)

Selfishness.

Any one who knows by experience or reputation the sort of weather which usually pre-

vails around that promontory of west Cornwall called the Lizard, where in 1898 the Mohegan was wrecked, and where last year the Paris went ashore, will appreciate the following from one of S. Baring-Gould's books, concerning the district or peninsula of Meneage:

There is a single windmill in the district. The story goes that it was once rumored that a second one was about to be constructed. The miller was concerned. He went to see the man who was supposed to be responsible for the scheme.

"I say, mate, be you goin' to set up another windmill?"

"I reckon I be. You don't object? There's room for more nor one."

"Oh, room enough! But there mayn't be wind enough to sarve us both."—So there is grace enough for a world of sinners. (1064)

Clean Hands and Pure Heart.

A little girl two and a half years old was accustomed to kiss her father, hug him, and then gently stroke his cheeks with her hands. This stroking of his cheeks she called loving him. One day she climbed the stairs and came pattering into his study to tell him about some wonderful event in her little baby world. Of course he laid aside his work and listened with rapt attention to her recital. When the little speaker was through and ready to go back to her play, she kissed her father and hugged him, but declined to "love" him. Her explanation was simple and suggestive. She held up her two fat little hands and said, "Me can't love you now; my hands dirty." There was no mistake as to the dirt. The hands were in evidence against her that she had been handling the coal scuttle, fire poker, or some other sooty object. "Me wash my hands; den me love you," she quickly added and ran away to execute her purpose.—But we can come to Him just as we are, and the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin. (1065)

Sinners and Sinners.

A little girl had a great desire to join the church; consequently she went to the minister, asking to be received into the church. He inquired if she had experienced a change of heart, and she answered affirmatively.

"Were you a sinner before?" "Yes." "Are you a sinner now?" Again she answered, "Yes."

"Where, then, is the difference between your former and your present condition?"

After some moments' meditation she said, "Before I was converted to Christ I was a sinner that runs after sin; now I am a sinner that runs away from sin."—Mission Friend. (1066)

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MEN AND MENTION.

Pure in Heart.

Many a brave soldier who has stood unflinchingly at the cannon's mouth, has not had the moral courage to stand firm in the cause of right when laughed at by his mates.

"We are told that when Coley Patteson was a boy at Eton, and captain of the cricket eleven, he was present one evening at a 'cricketing supper,' and one of the boys told a nasty, low story. Coley stood up before all his school-fellows and said, 'If any more such stories are told in my presence, I resign my captaincy and leave this school.'

"His words took effect, and thus by the influence of one boy the tone of the great public school was purified and raised. The brave schoolboy became a brave martyr Bishop, and laid down his life on an island in the far Pacific."—My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure. (1067)

Zeal is Catching.

In 1834, Rev. George Champion, an educated and pious young minister of New England, consecrated himself as a missionary to labor among the Zulus. His grandfather, Gen. Henry Champion, was very fond of his grandson and proud of his talents and ability. He proposed to George that if he would abandon his missionary purpose and remain at home, he would pay the expense of five missionaries to go in his place. The devoted young preacher made this answer: "If I should accept your proposition, it would at once be construed that none but the poor could be induced to make a sacrifice for the Gospel and go as missionaries to heathen lands. Now, grandfather, you send the five, and I will go also, and that will make six." The General was overcome by this heroic argument, and, influenced by such a consecrated and Christ-like spirit, gave \$60,000 to pay the expenses of his grandson and party to Zululand. (1068)

Keep Your Temper.

A Chicago lawyer who was once a page in the United States Supreme Court gives the following interesting reminiscence of the late Stephen J. Field.

While in a peculiar mood one day Justice Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace. Court adjourned for two hours, and upon the return of Justice Field to his chambers he sent me for Mr. McCall.

"Come to my house at seven o'clock this evening," was the only order Justice Field had for the page he had censured. With mingled feelings of doubt and despair, my colleague called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library, and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from

the shelves. When the veteran lawyer had piled about fifteen volumes into Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:—

"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you today. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good-night!" (1069)

Deeds of Kindness.

President L. E. Holden of Wooster University, spoke at the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church last Sunday morning and prefaced his discourse by stepping to the front of the platform and saying: "I feel that I owe to Cleveland the statement that I am going to make. Twenty-three years ago today I came to this city a boy of sixteen without a friend or relative and not a dollar in my pocket. I stood on Seneca street wondering what in the world I was going to do, when a man came down a stairway with a case under his arm, and turning to me said, 'My boy, something is the matter with you.' I said, 'No, sir, nothing is the matter with me;' but he said, 'I am sure something is the matter.' I assured him that I was well, but he handed me his card and said, 'Come to my office at two o'clock and tell me what the trouble is.' He was a doctor. I went to his office, told him my story. He gave me an opportunity to do something. That man saved my life! After leaving Cleveland I did not return until after I was president of Wooster University, but I could not resist the temptation to take my wife to the spot on Seneca street where I stood that day and tell her the story. We tried to find the doctor, but he had gone to his reward, and his office had given way to a modern structure. You never know how much you are doing when you help a boy." (1070)

Praising God.

The most beautiful, the most expressive compliment paid Mr. D. L. Moody that we have seen is in the following by Rev. A. C. Dixon, as given in a book, entitled "Dwight L. Moody, the Man and His Mission," just published by the Monarch Book Company of Chicago: "I always felt when I left Moody not like praising Moody, but praising God. It seemed to me that I could see and feel the throbbings of God—God's love, God's sympathy, God's great-heartedness as I came in contact with this wonderful man. He incarnated those words, 'God is able.' Of course, God is powerful, all-powerful, but the all-powerful God could do no mighty works 'because of their unbelief.' Omnipotence stood there unable. God did mighty works through Moody because of his belief. He enabled God—I speak it reverently." The preacher who, like Moody, as said above, causes the people to feel not like praising the speaker or the sermon, but like praising God, is the truly great preacher. (1071)

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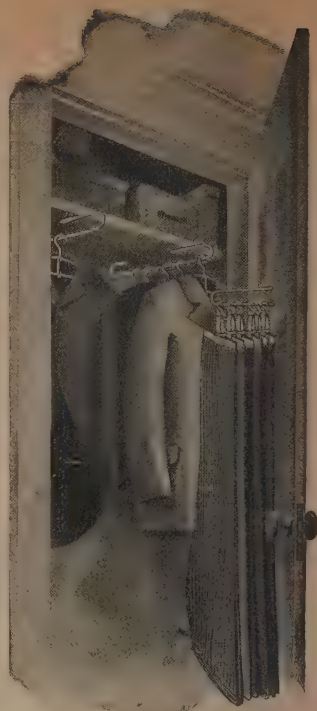
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STATISTICAL FACTS AND POINTS.

The Blue Book shows that of the 1,361 prisoners in Canadian penitentiaries 1,239 are drinkers, and only 122 are total abstainers.

In one of the provinces of China the church members numbered 35 in 1896 and 402 in 1899. During the same period the contributions of the natives for missionary work rose to over \$6,000. In one of the cities of the province a Buddhist monastery was converted into a Christian chapel. The progress of missions is not so rapid everywhere or at all times, but everywhere the Lord is fulfilling His promise, "Lo, I am with you," and Christian workers should take courage in the assurance that their labor is not in vain in the Lord.

One-half of the Mohammedan population of the world enjoys the advantage of living under the government of professedly Christian countries. Only 45 of the 200 millions of Mohammedans are under rulers of their own despotic religion. Islamism displays a vast amount of zeal and aggressiveness. This history of Christian missions among Mohammedans is a record of hardship, patient endurance and slow progress.

In 1897, when Spain was in power, our liquor imports to Cuba were, of malt liquors, \$27,549; distilled, \$495. Last year, with America in power, these were \$924,654 and \$65,271, respectively. The increase during the same period in the case of Porto Rico was: malt liquors, from \$2,234 to \$176,510; distilled, from \$15 to \$19,213; and in the case of the Philippines: malt, from \$663 to \$154,488; distilled, from nothing to \$106,843.

Taking the year 1896 as a year of normal trade with the Philippine islands, the United States sent to that archipelago goods to the value of \$162,446. Of this sum only \$1,415 represents liquors. In the year 1899, the last for which full figures are available, our total ex-

ports to the Philippine islands were valued at \$404,193, but of this sum \$143,679 was for drink. In other words, out of a total increase of \$241,747, \$142,282 was the increase in the drink bill. Or, putting it in another form still, while the total trade for the year 1899 was only a little over twice the total trade for the year 1896, the value of the drink which we sent to the Philippines in the year 1899 was almost 100 times the value of the drink which we sent in the year 1896, while the unfinished year of 1900 has already exceeded this shameful record.

During the last two centuries England has expended over £200,000,000 upon war, and is paying over £20,000,000 a year as interest, may well give rise to reflections. Yet rulers continue to speak glibly about war, and the possibilities of war, instead of crying day and night to Him, to whom all power in heaven and on earth has been given, to grant peace—peace to allow men to labor for the salvation of the heathen races, and for the spread of His kingdom who is the Prince of Peace.

Viceroy Chang Chih Tung, one of the foremost ministers of the Emperor, in his recent book on "Siam," says:—

"The Customs returns for the past few years give the value of our imports at 80,000,000 ounces of silver, (about £11,500,000); and the exports at 50,000,000 (about £7,000,000); the balance of 30,000,000 ounces of silver (about £4,500,000) represents what has been consumed in smoking the pernicious opium. Assuredly it is not foreign intercourse that is ruining China, but this dreadful poison. Oh, the grief and desolation it has wrought to our people! A hundred years ago the curse came upon us more blasting and deadly than the great Flood or the scourge of the Fierce Beasts, for the waters assuaged after nine years, and the ravages of the man-eaters were confined to one place.

PRAYER.

Praying Engineer.

Some weeks ago it was my privilege to ride from New York to Albany on the engine of the Empire State express. The engineer was a little, bronzed, weather-beaten man of nearly fifty. He ran around his engine with oil in hand, then climbed to his place and waited for the conductor's signal to start. When it came he made a quick motion, seized the lever, and we were off.

For exactly three hours the telegraph poles sped past and we rolled and thundered onward through towns, villages, cities, over switches, crossing, bridges, culverts, and through tunnels and viaducts at the terrific rate of a mile a minute. The little man at the throttle looked straight out ahead at the two lines of glisten-

ing steel; one hand on the throttle, the other ready to grasp the air-brake. I was not afraid, for I saw he was not. He spoke not a word, nor looked at me, nor at the fireman, who worked like a Titan. But I saw that his lips kept moving as he forced the flying monster forward.

At last we reached Albany. What a relief it was! My nerves were unstrung. I had enough for a lifetime. The little engineer had left the cab, and was tenderly feeling the bearings. I turned to the fireman. "Bill, why does he keep moving his lips here at the lever?"

"Who—th' old man? Why don't you know? He allus prays on a fast run. Twenty years he's run on this road with never an accident—the pluckiest man that ever kicked a gauge-cock, he is."—The Arena. (1072)

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Three Men's Prayers.

The prayers of three great men of letters are strikingly illustrative. We scarce need to be told that these words came from the grief-stricken heart of Swift, writhing in agony over the painful illness and approaching end of Stella:

"Give her a true conception of the vanity, folly, and insignificance of all human things, and strengthen her so as to beget in her a sincere love of Thee in the midst of her sufferings. . . . Forgive the sorrow and weakness of those among us who sink under the grief and terror of losing so dear and useful a friend. Accept and pardon our most earnest prayers and wishes for her longer continuance in this evil world, to do what Thou art pleased to call Thy service and is only her bounden duty; that she may be still a comfort to us and to all others who will want the benefit of her conversation, her advice, her good offices, or her charity." (1073)

In this petition, uttered only a few days before he faced the Arch Fear, we gaze deeply into the great heart of Samuel Johnson:—

"Almighty and most merciful Father, I am now, as to human eyes it seems, about to commemorate for the last time the death of Thy Son Jesus Christ, our Saviour and Redeemer. . . . Have mercy upon me, and pardon the multitude of my offences. Bless my friends, have mercy upon all men. Support me, by Thy Holy Spirit, in the days of weakness and at the hour of death; and receive me, at my death, to everlasting happiness, for the sake of Jesus Christ." (1074)

It is significant to note that the jaunty Stevenson, "light in ragged luck," really felt his dependence on God, as we learn by perusing his beautiful "Prayers written for family use at Vaillima." Swift and Johnson thought often of death; Swift, because he looked forward to it as a release, and Johnson, because it was the only thing that shook his heart. In contrast to these powerful and rugged men, Stevenson says little of death, though he daily walked in its jaws. It was life that interested him, and we naturally find his prayers in harmony with his ideals.

He prays not for courage to meet death, but for divine help in rational living. "Prolong our days in peace and honor," he asks; "give us health, food, bright weather, and light hearts. . . . Let us lie down without fear and awake and arise with exultation. . . . As the sun lightens the world, so let our loving kindness make bright this house of our habitation." Let us listen reverently to this petition:—

"AT MORNING

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces, let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishon-

ored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep." —Independent. (1075)

Short Prayers.

One night I was kneeling with a friend, who was praying with a tough character. He was "long-winded." The tough seemed uneasy, and finally got up and walked out, leaving my friend still praying. After a time, he said, "Amen," and then looked up to find the seeker gone. He said, "Where is he?" "Gone," said I. "So is my overcoat," said he, and sure enough the tough had taken the coat with him. It taught him a lesson. He had no business to pray so long. Make your prayer short and to the point. Pray along the line you have been directing seeker. If you have been showing him John 1:12, ask God to help him to *now* receive Christ. If you have been using Rev. 3:20, pray God to help seeker to open heart's door and let Christ in. It is often good to suggest short prayers to seeker, as "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" "Lord, save me, or perish;" "Lord, remember me," etc., etc.—H. B. Gibbud. (1076)

Effectual Prayer.

The packet ship Albion, full of passengers from America, was wrecked about fifty years ago, on the coast of Ireland, and the news was that all had perished. A minister near Philadelphia on reading a list of the lost, found among them the name of one of the members of his congregation, and went immediately to inform his wife of the sad fact.

She had been earnestly praying during the voyage of her husband, and had received assurance of his safety amid great danger. Hence, to the astonishment of her pastor, after he had informed her of the shipwreck, and showed her the list of names of those who were lost, she told him that it was a mistake, that her husband had been in extreme peril, but was not dead.

When the tidings were received, it proved that her husband was among the passengers, and had been in great peril; but that he had escaped, and was the only one saved.—Dr. W. W. Patton. (1077)

Prayer for Others.

When the Emperor of Rome was in the field with his army it was forbidden that anyone should approach his tent at night. The penalty was instant death. One night a soldier was seen approaching the tent of the emperor bearing a paper in his hand. He was promptly arrested, and was sentenced to die. The emperor, however, within his tent, heard the commotion outside, and asked what it was about. He was told the cause, and said that if the soldier's petition was for himself he must die, but that if it was for others his life should be spared. It was learned that the petition was for three fellow-soldiers who had been found sleeping at their post. This soldier was coming to the emperor with the plea that their lives might be spared. So the emperor gave command that because of the nature of the petition the soldier should live, and also that his plea should be granted. (1078)

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

AN INVESTMENT OF \$2 PER MONTH FOR 31 MONTHS WILL IN SIX YEARS BRING AN INCOME OF \$180 PER YEAR, INCREASING AT THE RATE OF \$60 EACH YEAR THEREAFTER.



THOSE who want to get rich quick will not be interested in this article, but those who want a safe and profitable investment for their savings from month to month, that will at the end of six years bring them in a nice income that will continually increase for thirty to thirty-five years will be exceedingly interested.

LIFE INSURANCE CLAUSE.

In making this investment, the company agrees in case of death to issue the stock, paid up, to your heirs, no further expense attaching to, but insuring them a much larger means than would result from \$2,000 insurance money, the stock costing you less than half as much each year.

WHAT IS IT?

It is the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Company of San Francisco, Cal., L. H. Bonestell, president, and L. S. Sherman, vice-president, head of Sherman-Clay Co., large music house, San Francisco, (the American Bank and Trust Co., San Francisco, Cal., being the depository). Look up either in Bradstreet's or Dunn's. For location of plantation see map below. The plantation consists of 24,000 acres, divided into 24,000 shares, each share represents an acre, which in 1910 will be deeded to you if you wish, but which the company will clear up, giving you in dividends, which will begin to be paid next year, the profit resulting from clearing the land of mahogany and other trees and also the tapping of rubber trees which have grown wild. This is incidental to the main project, which is to plant this fall 200 young rubber trees on the acre which your share represents, taking care of them, marketing the rubber, which will begin to yield at the end of five years, for \$62, to be paid in 31 monthly installments, and the assignment of the first year's crop, the second and succeeding crops to come to you. If you wish to look after your share in the plantation in 1910 you can have a deed for your acre or acres.

IS RUBBER VALUABLE?

The market price is now from 75 cents to \$1 per pound. Think a minute of the increasing demand for rubber in bicycles alone. There will be two hundred trees planted on your acre, and after six years the yield of each tree per year will be from two to three pounds, and this amount gradually increases as the tree grows older. Put it at two pounds, multiply two by 200 trees, makes 400, and multiply this by even 50 cents a pound and the result is \$200—so you see the com-

pany's estimate is exceedingly conservative. These facts as to product of trees, prices, etc., are taken from reports of the U. S. consul and British minister. Senor Romero, late ambassador to the United States from Mexico, says in "Geographical Notes on Mexico."

"Rubber growing is no longer in the experimental stage, enough having already been accomplished to show that the profits in Mexico would be very great; indeed, 300 per cent. on the capital invested is a possible return, after five years, from cultivating the Castilloa elastica in that republic."

He ought to know, for after spending \$37,000 on a plantation he sold it to an English syndicate for \$1,250,000, and the syndicate is making good dividends on that amount.

TERMS OFFERED BY THE CHIAPAS RUBBER PLANTATION AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Shares in the Chiapas Rubber Plantation and Investment Company will be sold on the following terms and conditions:

Class "C"—price per share.....\$125 00
This is paid in 63 monthly installments, 62 of which are \$2 each, and the 63rd \$1.

The investor or certificate holder after having paid 31 monthly installments of \$2 each, or in the aggregate 62 00

Can discontinue his payments, and assign to the company the rubber harvest gathered immediately after the expiration of the fifth year, which will be accepted in full payment of the balance due, amounting to 63 00

Five thousand acres have been set aside to be sold for cash, as follows:

PAID UP SHARES.

Class "A"—fully paid up in advance, the first harvest directly after the fifth year from planting to belong to certificate holder.....\$ 90 00

Class "B"—fully paid up in advance, the first harvest directly after fifth year from planting to belong to the company..... 50 00

Class "D"—fully paid up in advance, the first harvest directly after fifth year from planting to belong to certificate holder..... 100 00

Class "D" pays 4 per cent. interest annually, payable in January and July of each year for five years.

WHAT FIVE SHARES WILL PRODUCE.

The investment of \$450 in cash, or \$625 in monthly installments, will secure five shares, representing the product of five acres, the first harvest and all subsequent harvests to belong to the investor.

The investment of \$250 in cash or \$310 in monthly installments, will secure five shares, representing the product of five acres, the first harvest only to belong to the company.

The investment of \$500 in cash will secure five shares, representing the product of five acres, the first and all subsequent harvests to belong to the investor, who will also receive 4 per cent. interest for five years.

RAPID INCREASE OF INCOME.

The income from five shares, if the pres-

ent price of rubber is maintained, and the yield equals our reasonable expectations, will be approximately:

First harvest (after 5th year).....\$ 600 00
Second harvest (after 6th year)..... 900 00
Third harvest (after 7th year)..... 1,200 00
Fourth harvest (after 8th year)..... 1,500 00
Fifth harvest (after 9th year)..... 1,800 00

This steady increase of \$300 per year will be maintained until the trees have become 25 or 30 years old, after which they will continue to yield large returns for an indefinite period.

A WORD OF CAUTION.

Do not take more stock than you can afford. While some of the directors have put all the money they are worth in this company, and are urging their personal friends to do the same, that is no criterion for you. While it is as safe as anything can be, and offers profits much larger than anything carried on above ground, there is nothing absolutely sure in this world, except death and taxes. If you have \$1,000 in bank do not withdraw all of it to invest in rubber stock. If you want to take \$500 of it out and put it in five acres, it will pay you four per cent. probably as much as you are getting in the bank, and while it is possible for an earthquake to open up and swallow this plantation, it is also possible for the bank cashier to run away.

MINISTERS.

It is comparatively easy for a minister to spare from \$6 to \$10 monthly from their salaries. Two of the directors are ministers who have interested a number of their ministerial friends.

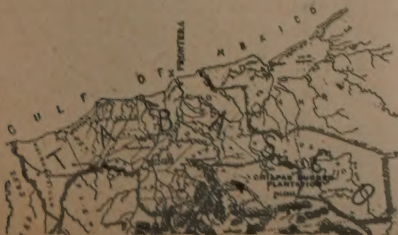
TO THOSE WHO WOULD NOT SAVE THE MONEY OTHERWISE.

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